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MOODS

Ansul Aima

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Donated by
Maharaj Krishen Koul Naqaib

Best wishes,
Anshul

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MOODS

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Raipur, Bantalab
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POETS FOUNDATION
KOLKATA

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MOODS

a collection of English poems by

Anshul Aima

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DEDIATED

To

my grandfather

Late Shri B. N. Aima

my first and most sincere fan, sang my poems.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

My sincere thanks to my parents who encouraged me for writing poems.

I also not required thank Shri Pradipkumar Chaudhuri general secretary of Poets Foundation for encouraging and helping me in publishing this collection of poems.

Anshul Aima
1st May, 2004

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FOREWORD

A young engineering-poet Anshul Aima expressed her poetical moods in every poem. Although she is a young and budding poet but readers will like her first anthology of poems, which are of different taste.

Pradipkumar Chaudhuri

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BATTLE

I once fought a battle,
there were no arms,
no army,
for I fought with myself.

I fought,
fought to know myself,
Something right,
Something wrong,
I accepted,
accepted it all,
for I fought with myself.

I fought,
fought with my thoughts,
Some good,
Some bad,
I took them both,
both in my stride,
for I fought with myself.

I fought,
fought with my rights,
Some more,
Some less,
I was happy,
happy for both,
for I fought with myself.

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SPREAD THE LIGHT

Shun the darkness,
Spread the light,

In darkness, you can't see,
just hear, hear the cries,
Noone playing,
noone happy,
darkness all around.

Darkness makes the heart grey,
darker turns the darkness,
Noone loves,
noone cares,
wars all around.

Stop it, stop it,
We want to see the light,
We want to see the life,
Spread the light.
Spread the light.

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MOMENT

Here comes the moment,
I waited for long,
I cherished,
slowly it started flying away,
into the memories,
into the past.

Moments, come and go,
& we wait,
for some new to come,
for some old to go,
They come one by one,
Some happy,
Some sad,
all add up to make,
Our memories, our past.

Last one came, a moment back,
now it is history,
past of life,
Moment came I started writing this poem,
I wrote this poem,
Moment is no more.

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SHE

She has a good voice,
but now,
she doesnot sing.

"Why?" I asked.

replied her only son.

"She is old,
Old enough, not to sing,
Old don't sing,
they meditate, stay quiet."

Yes, how can she sing,
stay quiet mother,
stay quiet,
you gave him speech,
& he took your soul away,
how can you sing,
no song,
runs out from a heart,
heart full with sorrow.

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I AM NOT A POET

Yes, its true,
not false,
Yes I write poetry,
but,
I am not a poet,
I am a humanbeing.

I write,
for I feel sad,
just don't write,
for I have to write,
don't critisize me, my poems,
I am not a poet.

I do write,
write what my heart says,
I don't write for anybody,
don't acclaim me, my poems,
I am not a poet.

I am a human,
understand the pain of humans,
understand happiness,
I write,
but,
I am not a poet.

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SUN WILL RISE

I was shivering,
World around me stood frozen,
Neither can I speak,
nor can I listen,
just see,
see with a hope,
towards the sky,
to see the sunrise.

World around is dark,
Light of faith within, is bright,
I will wait,
till I have the sight,
sight of the Sun,
the awaited sunrise.

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LOOKING GLASSES

The modern child is full of tension,
which helps me to mention,
the generation gap,
between two little chaps,
One of the past, one of the future.

The ancient child played a lot,
Never learnt what he was taught,
Always busy in eating,
Without getting much of beating,
Had no future tension,
As his brother was not on pension.

The modern child plays a little,
Eats the food that is brittle,
Busy in learning,
To get a good earning,
His life, much unenjoyable,
knows this, when undesirable.

This is the generation gap,
So, I want you to wrap,
Make the life of new child,
something very bright,
free from this comparison.

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STEP AHEAD

A step ahead,
a stop,
a stop, then again step ahead.

Every time,
something new found,
something old lost,
after failure,
step ahead, to win.

Good comes your way,
bad sticks around,
after moving in darkness,
step ahead, to reach the light.

Sometimes indespensible,
sometimes unknown,
from being aloof,
step ahead, for the crowd.

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FREEDOM

Everyone want & love freedom,
One in a country or a kingdom,
freedom is loved by every being,
an animal or a human being.

A pet like a dog is a freedom lover,
he wants to go out every hour,
gate is open, he runs away,
he wants freedom in this way.

A bird in the trap, so sad,
give them freedom,
freedom to fly in the sky,
& tease the people passing by.

Give the child, freedom from school,
give him games, a swim in pool,
don't want to study a lot,
wants freedom of this sort.

Freedom is loved dearly,
freedom fighters, died for it fearlessly,
To gain freedom these people fought,
& Independence to India was certainly brought.

A person may not be rich,
he wants freedom, to work, to wish,
freedom is such a thing,
which makes a worker, live like a king.

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HOPE

Crowded our country though,
still there are many,
Many tiny hands,
round the corner, on the road,
alone in this world,
stretch their arm,
open their palm,
for a beg.

You call them begger,
or call them poor,
they are alone,
in this crowded world.

Will anyone show them, the light to follow,
give them a hope, for a better tomorrow,
help them to be what they want to be,
give them a wish,
make them feel,
they are not alone.

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ROAD

Road is broad,
but lonely,
Noone ready,
"Ready to walk on it?"

Road is hard,
Trees, but tall,
along its side,
No shade,
but heat is plenty.

Road covered,
covered with dust,
no grass,
no breeze,
just hot sun & you.

Pleasent roads are abundant,
flooded with crowd,
full with shade,
full with showers.

"Which road to take",
Choice is yours,
Choose the one,
that will make,
make you a winner.

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CAN'T IGNORE HIM

Ignorant though,
Bold enough,
shamelessly ends,
Ends all pieces of,
Bold & bright literature.

Isn't he mad?
But no one scolds him,
He is loved, pampered,
Are we fools,
Or is he too smart,
Fine! can't be ignored.

He is the finest,
signs contentment,
ends the flow,
calms us down,
you guessed right,
he is our Mr. Full Stop.

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FREE

"You are free", said he.

Free, not to be free,
Freedom, noone has it yet,
Noone can give it too,
Yet everyone free to believe,
they possess it.

He who created us,
could have it,
but then there would be no you,
no me,
Noone ever free from anything,
Even freedom keeps you busy.

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SKY

The sky,
to touch it,
nagged me day & night.

When the Sun was bright,
Or it was night,
I thought,
thought of ways to reach it.

Then the day came,
I opened my eyes,
looked up towards the sky,
slowly,
wind blew in some whiteness,
more of whiteness,
Nearer came the sky,
before it could be touched,
it turned grey,
It came & touched me,
Sky wet me with its showers.

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BE TRUE

Today sky was green,
Grass was blue,
Trees were running fast,
wind lay silently on the roof,
should I say something more,
Today false was true.

Today right was left,
wet was dry,
laugh was cry,
dark was sunlight,
its true,
Today false was true.

Yes! False is true,
But, What is true?

Be true to your soul,
Every true man wants to be true,
not false.

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MONSOON

Stagnant water, on the road,
people wearing rain coat,
In vegetable, pumpkin available,
the Monsoon has come.

Eating of spices is liked by all,
travelling is painful for all,
floods, common in this season,
I hate this season, this is the reason.

Rain make you wet,
Hell all around,
No star in sky,
viral fever rise,
the monsoon has come.

Sweated while taking a bath,
mushrooms, near the bark,
electricity, on & off,
no institute, ever off,
the monsoon has come.

No water to drink,
no water to bathe,
sweat and stink,
I hate this season, this is the reason.

Everyone like to have a cold drink,
blockage in every road link,
clothes wet & dirty,
the Monsoon has come.

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CHANGE A BIT

Yesterday, today or tomorrow,
Nothing has changed,
same earth, same sea,
same air,
But I, I change everyday.

Yesterday I couldn't walk.
slowly I started crawling,
Today I am walking,
Tomorrow I want to run,
ultimately start again from where,
from where I started.

Life is to change
change bit by bit,
Each bit,
for better today,
better tomorrow,
A better life.

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HE AND WE

He is alive,
still dead,
Dead, for never wanted to live,
alive, for not yet dead.

Let us live,
to make him alive someday,
let us swear,
to give him joy some other day,
let us work,
work together,
to see him alive, not dead.

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BLACK CROW

The sky was blue and bright,
Sun about to set,
Birds in their flight in the sky.

There came,
the black, very black crow.

It came flying from the Sun,
didnot relax,
flew round & round in the mighty sky,
Ultimately sat on the branch,
topmost branch of Eucalyptus tree,
Wasn't happy, wasn't calm,
started gazing world around,
"I am the king, I own the world",

Who will tell him how ignorant he is.

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SING

Don't speak, sing.

Life is no straight,
full of curves and contours,
finish and begin again,
round of joy, line that destroy.

Up & high ups,
down, beneath ground,
full of dreamy winds,
rains can drown there in.

Live for today,
No discuss tomorrow,
live a life, every moment,
So, don't just speak,
sing, sing aloud.

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TWO MEN

They were two, never one,
one was moon, other sun.

Born together, grown alike,
one was gloomy, other bright.

Both lived in the same house,
one was lonely, other had crowd.

One is alive, dead from ages,
Other is dead, alive from ages.

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UNKNOWN CHARACTER

Our country, a land of flowers,
flowers, large in number,
flowers, colour of skin,
count them, one by one.

These flowers are sweet,
why on street,
sky their roof,
they aloof.

Flowers would grow up,
have they any push up,
standing in sunny,
hands are raised for money.

Eating little food,
why in a sad mood,
would they over ride poverty,
or poverty over ride them.

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OBITUARY

Somewhere in the core of earth,
no light, no life,
I live,
for I am dead,
I am burning from heat within,
& heat of earth kiln,
there is no breeze, no showers,
But redness everywhere.

I am chocked, there is no air,
but smell of death,
deep within the crust of earth,
I welcome my friends,
who enter now & then.

They will come so I await,
ready to welcome,
these saint army men.

What I wished from centuries,
peace on the earth,
with more of red blossom,
not redblood covering the earth.

Can I come out of this core,
be alive again,
sing the song,
feel the freshness of life.

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INNER VOICE

Be a Sun, give,
not a goat, chew,
Be a mountain, stand still,
not a sanddune, ready to spin.

Be a river, flow,
not a 'girgit', no colour true,
Be a tree, grow high,
not a peacock, never tries to fly.

Be a deer, loves all,
not facist, divide all,
Be water, mix will all,
not selfish, a dead soul.

Be cheerful, be calm,
love all, don't harm,
more success, more modesty,
to follow the inner voice, best.

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DO YOU KNOW?

Snails crawl, Birds fly,
Moon glitter, owls cry,
water cool, sand dry,
fool sleep, wise try.

Frog croaks, Nightingale sings,
Harsh winter, pleasent spring,
Silver bangle, golden ring,
Clever rule, mad think.

Illness kills, sadness breaks,
Rich have, poor makes,
God gives, Human takes,
"Do you know", I had to say.

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WHAT IS DEATH?

A hospice,
A man,
Old though,
I call him a child,
for his silly but darkly query,
"What is death?"

He asked me,
"Beti? What is death?"

Now I ask you,
Is it 'Pain' or 'Pleasure',
Is it 'Black' or 'White',
Is it 'Rude' or 'gentle',
Is it 'Miserable' or 'Noble'.

Can you answer?

Death is illusion, trash,
its cipher, its crude,
don't weep for death,
that has to come,
someday, though certainly.

But save yourself from death,
More grave, more boorish,
Death of character.

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HAD I WOKEN EARLY

My eyes are wet with tears,
lips moving in shock,
pain in my chest,
heat in my stomach.

I cannot hear,
Nor can I see,
I cannot stand,
Nor can I sleep.

My hands are trembling,
so are my legs,
my heart beating slow,
hot air blowing in-out of my lungs.

I would have smiled,
I would have laughed,
never felt this pain, today,
Had I woken early.

I would have jumped with joy,
sung the song of happiness,
contented my soul would have been,
Had I woken early.

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RIGHT JUDGEMENT

They throw stone at me,
shout at me,
kick me, thrash me,
for they think,
'I am mad', 'Am I mad or they'.

They are rich, have money,
employ me,
use me, squeeze me, for my honest bread,
for they think,
'I am poor', 'Am I poor or they'.

They are brave, have swords,
promise me safety, want my loyalty,
they befool me, ruin me,
for they think,
'I am slave', 'Am I slave or they'.

They are men, have power,
govern me, envy me,
treat me, a inferior being,
a female, pity me,
for they think,
'I am weak', 'Am I weak or they'.

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DISCOVER IT

The Sun has set,
On shore, I sit alone,
deep in my thoughts,
silence around.

Someone shouted,
"Why sitting on shore, wasting time, go,
discover the world around".

"Discover Sun. sunset, sunshine
watch the river flow, rise & fall,
search for peak, search for ice,
don't return early, go & try."

"Grip the wind, hold the fire,
embrace cascade, blow in air,
why sit idle, discover your fruit,
see the bird, try to fly."

"Bathe with sand, burn in Sun,
freeze with cold, don't cry,
why wasting time,
go discover the world around."

Its easy, easy to,
discover the world around,
I am not sitting idle,
I am discovering a thing,
very complex,
'Discovering myself.'
Searching for sun in me,
the river in me,
bird in me that wants to fly,
child in me that wants to cry,
the lust for fruit,
the dust that ruins.

Now go & be silent.
I am sitting on shore,
not wasting time,
I have to discover 'the world Inside'.

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MY BIRTHDAY

The hot Sun burning my back,
I laid on dust, soil red & dry,
But I didn't cry.
My heart silently wept,
wind made the wounds red,
flies sucked my blood,
no tears,
but soul shivered with agony.

Master's dog,
more devine,
loyal & loved,
but I,
I am no longer, no more,
my master's favourite,
He hates me, he beats me
for I asked for my bowl of rice,
for I wanted to make,
just a bowl of porridge today,
it was my birthday.

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YOU AND I

White peaks, the blue sky,
the deep sea, the rising sun,
raindrop on the burnt soil,
beautiful is the world around,
I love you nature, I love you God.

The hot sun, dirty sea,
chocked air, flies fly,
black rain, barren soil,
dark sea, foul smell,
what a nature, who is God?

Generous & kind people,
women with immortal charm,
beauty, noble men,
love, peace, harmony,
humanity & unity,
I love people, I love you God.

No ethics, no wanton,
beasts in brain,
money in belly,
Terrorism and crime,
horror in weeping eyes,
I hate these people, who is God?

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GUESS WHO HE IS!

Whenever I see you,
my heart is full of joy,
I want to jump & touch you

You are sweet, come in dreams,
appear in stories,
dance in song streams,
you are king of sky, right,
you are withus, only in night.

You are surrounded by jewels,
they give you beauty,
you give them envy,
you are alone in this world,
we have you, you have noone.

You are white,
have spots,
your name rythms with soon,
you are noone but moon.

You can never be seen in noon,
for a poet, boon,
artist dance, on your tune,
you are noone, but,
my dear MOON.

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I AM A TERRORIST

The sky full of black dust,
earth red with blood,
no ordinary rain, tears,
from everywhere, bitter cries.

The 5th day of war,
no star in the sky,
my leg crushed,
chest red with scars,
but I fight for 'freedom',
I will die for it,
also make many dead.

I want to slice,
slice many more,
I have spirit, no woe.

'Oh shut up, I am not a coward to quit.'

Slowly, but one day,
I felt very weak,
then came a bloody man,
I laid on ground,
about to die,
but I cheered.

Something I saw,
I wept, I cried,
'Why did I fight this war,
Why?' I asked myself.

I saw it now,
why not 15 years ago.

A rose, a white rose,
at the end of battle field,
it was crushed,
a pulp,
stained with red blood,

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covered with black soil.

'Oh! my God,
this battlefield was a garden.'

'When?'

'Yes it was, I had seen,
full of flowers & bushes
birds & butterflies,
cloud & rain,
snow & streams.'

What type of person I am,
for myself & self alone,
I have ruined a garden,
or a village,
or a town,
or a city,
or India,
or the whole world,
I am a terrorist.

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DON'T COUNT THEM

Didn't count them,
they were few.

A day came,
I counted them,
they were many.

The number was same always,
when not counted, less,
when counted, more.

So,
Don't count them,
they can be more,
they will appear to be less,
that is fine,
Don't count them,
Don't count the sorrows.

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SHE & ME

First time we met,
I liked her.

Second time,
she liked me.

Then came a time,
we started,
liking each other.

Slowly,
last time,
we were strangers again.

Again to start,
from where we started last.

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MY SENSES

My eyes,
gone weak
brought a spectacle,
still can't see,
wicked ways of people.

My ears too,
need some treatement,
hears the praise,
not the criticism.

My nose, never strong,
mend it,
smells the fragrance,
unaware of foul.

My skin, sensitive though,
touch is felt,
always warm,
never cold.

My brain is weakest of all,
It needs an overhaul,
more intellegent,
more clever,
to understand,
the wicked world around.

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SHE AND HER PEARLS

In this world of men,
she was, the only woman,
with a rear,
rear collection of pearls.

She never showed,
nor discussed them,
but loved them,
concealed them.

Pearls, people talked,
never seen,
by anybody, but she,
She was famous.

The day she died,
she wanted to show them,
give them to the world,
it was too late,
now, noone was interested,
neither in her,
nor in her pearls.

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WATER DROP

It was not special,
an ordinary waterdrop,
but destiny,
made it special.

Coming from sky,
towards ground,
got carried away by the wind,
right time,
right direction,
fell straight,
into the mouth,
mouth of an Oyster,
to become a peral.

It was not special,
an ordinary waterdrop,
but destiny,
made it special.

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WIND AND I

Sun was hot,
I thought,
lets dig some,
dig some fortune out,
out from the hot soil.

The desert,
the sand,
I, and
my zeal.

I dug,
dug deep a hollow,
for days,
something near,
near my dreams.

Slowly wind started blowing,
wind went harsh,
layer after layer,
hollow was filling,
I cried,
'How could this happen.'

I closed my eyes,
In sand and wind,
I stood,
stood helpless.

Wind went calm,
I opened my eyes,
I wept for my hollow,
it was filled.

Wind had created a new hollow,
with wet eyes,
I looked into this hollow,
I found my treasure there.

The wind,
not an enemy,
a friend,
came for my rescue.

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THE SUN

The Sun,
in middle of the sky,
below it,
stood I,
embarrassed,
I had,
mitigate shadow.

I knew why this happened.

Farther the Sun,
longer the status,
near the sun,
I know what,
I am.

God! give me the strength
to be,
Sun,
someday.

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I WILL FIGHT

Who is afraid of death,
but after death,
a life again,
I shiver.

I would fight my life,
my fortune makes me weak,
I would fight my fortune,
destiny makes me weak,
I am not afraid,
I believe in God,
but who is God,
I shiver.

No, I won't shiver,
I am brave,
I will fight,
until my last breath.

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ME AND MY LIFE

She moved in and out,
like blood in my veins,
she can,
she has the right,
she is my life.

I breathe her every moment,
I live her,
and she lives via me.

I love her,
curse her,
pay her for every moment,
in return,
she gives me,
my memories,
some good,
some bad.

In this world of loners,
we are together.

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ALONE

There stood she,
in the corner of room,
silent and
alone,
but why?

She is worth it.

Rigid like rock,
not diamond,
she is sun,
but all alone,
I wish she lived like a star,
had brightness,
as well as company.

She would weep,
cry,
never shy,
shy from being supreme.

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SHE WILL COME AND SING

When the Sun will set,
stars start twinkling,
wind will blow,
from the dark,
she will come,
and she will sing.

When she will sing,
we will forget our woes,
along her,
we will also sing.

In darkness of night,
not afraid, but strong,
we will listen,
listen to her music.

I know,
Nightirgale will come and sing.

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CANDY BOY

There stood he,
along the road.

We call him 'candy boy',
he sells icecream.

He is young,
still younger to me,
in his eyes,
I see a hope,
hope to succeed.

Optimism in his eyes,
makes me weep,
he wants fame, riches,
has confidence,
but unaware,
of world around,
where able struggle,
and unprevileged suffer more.

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I DO DREAM

When sleeping,
I don't dream.

I do dream,
but when awake,
my eyes wide open,
my brain active,
I dream,
dream for a better life,
better today & tomorrow.

Alone in my room,
or on a crowded road,
I do dream,
dream to be somebody,
a source,
an inspiration and
a life.

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MY RED ROSE

Through the window I saw
everything green and blue,
more of whiteness round the Sun,
wind blowing so soft,
out and out, from the green,
I saw, a red rose peeping out.
So, red, so soft, so decent,
how beautiful it was,
So graceful, so delicate,
how attractive it was.
The dew on it shined.
It was crowned,
everyone silent,
grown up blessing and budding jealous.
But I,
I loved it, for its grace,
I wanted it,
I cried.
Wind became harsh,
and blew fast,
I ran faster,
to rescue my dear.
I opened the door,
sand entered my eager eyes,
my eyes wet with tears,
I fell, got hurt,
but I ran to get my dear.
Alas! What I saw,
the red petals scattered on ground,
everyone brooding around,
thorn so cruel, pricking my rose's petal,
my trembling hands collected the petals,
painted my hands with petal colour,
the next stroke of wind,
took them up into the sky,
away from my reach,
But I still have its feel.

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YEAR AFTER YEAR

Every year I come to mines,
to dig something out,
out from the earth, deep within,
a precious gift from God.
When I came to mines, first time,
the soil was soft,
the Sun & breeze softer,
it took me a few minutes, to churn the land,
and find my precious gift.
As time passed, year after year,
Soil turned stony and hard,
sun and storm, harsh,
I sweated,
got tired,
not a grain of soil was cut,
I worked hard for hours together,
my brain gave an alarm,
but,
my heart made me work harder,
though difficult,
I found my precious gift.

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MY BEST FRIEND

When ever I weep,
she comes to me,
and says,
"Don't weep, Don't weep my dear"

'You are not alone,
I am with you,
Don't fear,
I love you,
Wipe your tears,
laugh with me,
I believe in you,
you believe me,
Don't weep.'

She is my best friend,
She is : My SOUL.

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LONG AWAITED, I HAVE FOUND YOU

I waited for you,
from dusk to dawn, I searched you,
but in night I wept,
Sun & clouds looked out for you,
but in night they slept.

When the wind blew,
I felt it was you,
when the bird flew,
I felt, it was you,
I waited for you, whole day,
till it was dark, no sun's rays.

One day wind blew to embrace you,
bird flew to greet you,
I ran after them,
Atlast, you have come,
I want to see you,
touch you, know you,
long awaited, I have found you.

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WE

I called him,
he didn't listen.

Then,
He called me,
I didn't listen.

Then,
we met,
we talked,
ultimately fought.

Conclusion is,
now,
we know each other,
better.

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IMAGINE

How wonderful it would be,
we were a sentence,
full stop running after us,
to end us.

We would have loved commas,
that gave us longevity,
and exclamatory,
to give us surprise.

Adjective to praise us,
verb to make us work,
somewhere we would be noun,
somewhere pronoun.

Somewhere enclosed in inverted commas,
sometimes limited by bracket,
we would start in present tense,
and end up in past.

Life,
is a story,
full of sentences,
some long, short,
one starts,
other ends,
Literature goes on.

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VISIBLE - INVISIBLE

How ignorant are these men,
fight with visible,
for the invisible.

He is invisible,
never seen,
a fantasy,
unknown,
but,
this man is visible,
known to you,
like you,
born,
grown,
in same soil and air.

Fight for him,
not with him,
do believe in invisible,
but see him in all visible.

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ITCH

When it hurts,
its just painful,
slowly it starts healing,
you had pain,
you have itch.

We are strong,
fight pain,
but itch,
makes you weak.

For pain,
you shed a tear,
you are relieved.

For itch,
it stays,
it hurts more,
face the itch, move ahead,
let no mark of scar,
stay back.

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NOTHING

Thoughtless,
expression less,
still alive,
how?
I guess.

Let him be the way he is.

Atleast,
he is better,
better than men,
thoughtful,
expression rich,
though,
but,
all false.

Nothing is always better than false.

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SUNRISE

The Sun has set,
soon it will be back,
in darkness,
identity less,
I will live,
live a life of dead.

I will be as ordinary,
as any other man,
no fame,
no glamour,
just a part of crowd.

But,
the sun has just set,
not lost,
it will rise again,
to give me my lost grace,
my lusture.

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LIFE : A POINT

Life,
not a circle,
not a line,
but a point.

Sometimes stationary,
focus,
sometimes running as circle,
round and round,
sometimes following a line,
rise and fall,
sometimes irregular,
shapeless movement,
sometimes marked,
beautiful shapes.

Sometimes just a point,
sometimes run to infinity.

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THE AUTHOR

Anshul Aima

Born in Srinagar (1982). Anshul had gathered interest in poetry and artistic aspects from her childhood days. Composing her First poem in 1990 amidst the flora and fauna of Udhampur she had never looked back. Being a final year student of Electronics and Commnunication Engineering she was praised of her writing skills from her school days. She contributed in various journals and news papers world wide in her endeavor to becoming a poet of repute. She is associated with philanthropic organisation and presently Representative of Poets Foundation's Jammu & Kashmir Centre, situated at Jammu.

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